

Up Is Down and Down Is Up by dragonspell

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bottom Billy Hargrove, M/M, Top Steve Harrington

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-06

Updated: 2018-01-06

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:15:17

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,260

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A few short weeks ago, Steve would never have guessed in a million years that he would find himself here, watching Billy Hargrove fight back the urge to come just because Steve's inside him. The thought would have been ludicrous; the idea of Billy in Steve's bed absurd. And yet here they are, Billy pretending that he's on a date with some girl while parking a few blocks down from Steve's house. When Steve's parents are home, he sneaks in through the window, but tonight, he'd used the front door.

(Or, a flimsy excuse to write Harringrove porn)

Up Is Down and Down Is Up

“Oh, fuck, oh, Christ,” Billy mutters, his eyes fluttering. His hands dig into Steve’s sheets, wrapping the cloth around his fingers until his knuckles whiten. His legs are locked tight around Steve’s waist, making sure that Steve doesn’t go anywhere, not that there is anything to worry about. With Billy tight and hot around him, writhing beneath him, Steve’s ready to stay here forever. “Yeah, fucking there,” Billy growls. “Harder...” Steve’s willing to oblige.

Billy’s moans amp up a few more notches, developing a little gasp at the end as if he can’t get enough air to finish the noise. It makes Steve’s stomach clench sharply and he has to thrust in as hard as he can to try and work it out, a pathetic whimper on the tip of his tongue. The cycle continues.

Billy, Steve has found, is loud when he’s getting fucked. Anything else and he only makes as much noise as he thinks you want to hear, but when there’s a dick inside him, it’s like he can’t even help himself. He loves it too much to pretend otherwise. This is only the second time that Billy’s allowed this, that he’s relaxed enough to let Steve do it, but Steve’s already seeing a pattern and he is A-okay with it. With his parents gone on another business trip, it’s just him and Billy in the house and Billy can make as much noise as he wants. Each gasp, each moan, each hissed swear word make Steve that much closer to losing it. It’s like Billy is having a religious experience and Steve is privileged to be along for the ride.

Steve likes seeing Billy spread out on his bed, gold curls sweat-matted and tangled, his mouth moving without purpose, his back arching as he finds God in the pleasure racing through him. Steve likes having Billy underneath him, pushing his hard body against Steve’s, so different from any girl that Steve’s ever been with.

A few short weeks ago, Steve would never have guessed in a million years that he would find himself here, watching Billy Hargrove fight back the urge to come just because Steve’s inside him. The thought would have been ludicrous; the idea of Billy in Steve’s bed absurd. And yet here they are, Billy pretending that he’s on a date with some girl while parking a few blocks down from Steve’s house. When

Steve's parents are home, he sneaks in through the window, but tonight, he'd used the front door. Sometimes, they go down to the quarry or the woods if they need to make some noise.

It's not as weird as the Upside Down, but it's pretty high up on the list of "Strange Shit in Steve Harrington's Life." Hell, before Billy Hargrove, Steve had been pretty sure that he was straight. He'd never given a second thought to another guy, stuck pretty firmly on girls and their soft curves and how they feel when they let him press against them. Then Billy Hargrove had come roaring into town with his cutting smirks and venom-laced words, all macho posturing and hard fists and Steve had felt something start to prickle under his skin, dancing along his nerves like the knowledge of someone watching you but being unable to see who.

On the court, Billy had pressed against him, too aggressive, too forceful, and Steve had tripped over his own wooden feet, suddenly unable to manage even a basic step. Billy had scored, wiggled his tongue at Steve, and Steve's eyes had widened as he'd felt his cock jump in his shorts. Something sharp and hot had stabbed into his groin as thoughts of what else Billy could do with that tongue flashed through his mind. They had been quickly followed by the panicked questioning of when the fuck he had started lusting after Billy freaking Hargrove.

After, in the showers, Billy had slid close, taking the spot next to Steve and breaking rule number one of the guy code within three seconds of being in Steve's space and Steve didn't know what annoyed him more, the fact that Billy couldn't seem to keep his eyes and his opinions to himself or the fact that Steve couldn't find it in himself to be upset about that like he should. Something inside of him didn't mind Billy Hargrove looking at him.

Steve had taken those feelings right then and buried them deep, not wanting to let them see the light of day. They snuck out at night to haunt his dreams, whispering thoughts that made Steve sweat.

Then had come the Byers's place and Steve had played Billy's game. He had thought that it might kill whatever it was growing inside of him that seemed to find Billy Hargrove fascinating, but it hadn't. They had fought, Billy laughing each time Steve hit him, each punch

seeming to charge Billy up like a battery until he'd reached critical mass and put Steve down.

It had taken weeks for the bruises to go away. The thoughts of Billy had been undeterred, only now there was a sharp knife of a smile mixed in to confuse Steve even more. He probably shouldn't find that hot. Twisted all up with pain and fear and the adrenaline of survival, that moment should have pushed Steve away, not brought him closer.

The Upside Down has got him all turned around. Dangerous is hot and normal is boring. Steve doesn't seem to run away from the scary things any more. No, like the first one to die in every horror film ever, he runs headlong towards the danger. Even after Billy had tried to rearrange his face, Steve hadn't even bothered to try and avoid him. Max nearly turning Billy into a eunuch might have blunted Billy's teeth a little, but a lion missing a few claws is still dangerous. Billy had prowled on the outskirts, still there, still threatening, but after dealing with things like Demogorgons and shadow monsters, his growls seemed more like a kitten's squeak.

And, in the dark of the night, Steve finally had to admit to himself that he wanted Billy Hargrove. Fuck him, fuck him up, or fix him, that part Steve was still a bit confused on, but Steve couldn't deny that his subconscious was serving Billy up on a platter every night. Naked, with that cutting smile.

Billy doesn't like to talk about that night. Steve doesn't either, so they're even on that score. Billy's been bruised and beaten since then, coming to school with a black eye, the skin on his ribs a tangle of purple and yellow, but it hadn't been Steve that had put them there. Steve knows who did, but Billy doesn't like to talk about that either. Steve wishes that he would. He doesn't know how long it's been going on, but he has patched Billy up more than once and they haven't been seeing each other more than a month.

Not all monsters come with rows upon rows of teeth. Some live in houses in little towns and go by quaint names like Mr. Neil Hargrove.

Billy had been bruised up again the first time that he had tried to talk to Steve after El had closed the gate. He'd had ready excuses at school, but none of them had contained a shred of truth. His smirk

had covered for him, only faltering when it came to Steve, and on the court, Billy had rode the bench, keeping his shirt on as he watched everyone else play. Steve guessed that he didn't want the coach to see the mass of bruises that his ribs must have been.

The entire time, Steve could feel Billy's eyes on him. Steve didn't know what that meant, if Billy was gunning for revenge or sorting through the same tangled mess of attraction and loathing that Steve was.

Steve had been so tired of it all, his reserve of fucks completely dried up, that when Billy had stopped beside him at the curb one afternoon, he couldn't even be bothered to stand up. The BMW, with apparently more sense than him, had decided to stage a protest just south of the arcade. Smoke curling out from under the hood, Steve had pulled off on the side of the road, sent Dustin on his way and had sat down on the sidewalk waiting for a tow or his dad, whichever came first.

Billy's Camaro had beaten them both. Steve had heard the rumble of the beast even before it squealed around the corner into view. Sighing, Steve had turned his head to look up at the sky and then closed his eyes. Billy wasn't likely to kill him in broad daylight without a quick getaway and he couldn't run Steve over without plowing the Camaro into a fire hydrant, so Steve was fairly confident of his chances.

The Camaro had rumbled to a stop, engine still growling impatiently, ever present, just like its owner. "Car trouble, Harrington?" Steve didn't reply. The answer was obvious.

The Camaro's door opened and Steve finally looked at Billy. His face was still rough but getting better from how it was in the morning. "Need a ride?"

"That's hilarious," Steve had said and didn't move an inch. Steve wasn't afraid of Billy Hargrove, but he wasn't stupid. He wouldn't have pegged Hargrove, for all of his machismo bullshit, to be stupid, either. There was no way that Steve was climbing into Hargrove's deathtrap, within easy reach.

Even if something inside of Steve wanted to do just that.

“I’m offering you a ride.”

“And I’m turning you down.”

“Get in the fucking car, Harrington,” Billy had growled.

“Or what, you’ll punch me again?”

Billy had punched the steering wheel instead of Steve’s face and driven off. Another confusing, incoherent episode in the fucked up series that was Steve’s life.

It didn’t have anything on the mid-season cliffhanger, though. That had been the time that Steve had stumbled upon Billy in the middle of the night, Camaro parked halfway down the road to Steve’s place. His shoulders had been slumped, his face against the steering wheel, and Steve’s first thought had been as instinctual as breathing. He’d swung around, looking for traces of whatever had killed Billy before it got him too, before he finally registered that Billy’s shoulders had been shaking. Not dead.

But maybe wishing that he was.

Steve had knocked on the window and Billy had jumped, a tear-streaked face staring up at Steve. Another set of bruises was starting to darken Billy’s neck, looking like fingerprints. The tears had been quickly wiped away and the Camaro’s door slammed open. “What?” Billy had shouted, anger visibly pushing away everything else, straightening his shoulders, puffing up his chest.

Up is down and down is up, because Steve had looked at the roaring lion and shrugged his shoulders. On the list of scary things that Steve had seen, it hadn’t made the top ten. A scared, beaten boy Steve’s age couldn’t even crack the top fifty. “Want to talk about it?”

Billy had drawn back like Steve had slapped him. “No,” he’d hissed, then steeled his voice to make it stronger. “What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Steve had pulled a face. Where did he start? “Loads.” He’d pointed up

the road and wondered himself what the fuck was wrong with him as he continued, "My place is just up the road if you want." He'd watched Billy's face crumple again, a twitch of his lips and a furling of his brow. "Whatever you want."

There hadn't been any warning, no growl to let Steve know that a line had been crossed, no solid fist lashing out, just Billy up in Steve's space, hands knotted in Steve's jacket to swing him around and pin him against the Camaro. *This is going to hurt*, Steve had thought and then Billy's lips had been against his, desperate and pleading, while a thigh pushed between Steve's legs. He had needed something alright, but it hadn't been what Steve had been expecting.

Steve had shivered, his hands catching on Billy's arms as his mouth opened with a gasp. Billy's tongue had darted between his parted lips then retreated, giving Steve the lingering feeling of a touch. He must have lost his mind that night because he'd chased after Billy's tongue with his own, licking at Billy's mouth and slipping inside. He'd wrapped his arms around Billy's shoulders, pulling him closer, and moaned.

Nothing in Steve's life up to that point could compare to it. It was, simply, hands down, the hottest kiss he had ever had and the fact that it was with Billy Hargrove only made it hotter. He'd rubbed himself against the hard thigh between his legs, certain that he was going to cream his jeans right then and there, in the night air against Billy's Camaro, when Billy had muttered, "Fuck," and pulled away. He had looked undone, his gaze raw as he stared at Steve, his lips thoroughly kissed, and his chest heaving beneath his unbuttoned shirt. His jeans had been tented at the crotch, dick desperately pushing for freedom and Steve had swallowed, wondering what it might be like to touch it, to feel another man's cock—Billy Hargrove's cock. "Fuck," Billy had repeated. He'd spun around and punched the top of the Camaro. "Fuck!"

Steve jumped away from the sudden anger. "Jesus, man."

A finger had shoved itself in his face. "You tell anyone about this, you're dead, Harrington."

"What?" Steve was still stuck in the kissing from a second ago. Could

they go back to that?

"I will *kill* you," Billy snarled. "You got that?"

"Got it, got it, jeez." Steve held his hands up. "What the hell, man?"

"Shut the hell up. Fucking queer." Steve didn't know how appropriate it was for Billy to be slinging that word around like an insult, but he didn't comment on it, just backed up and let Billy roar off into the night. Steve's head was still spinning from the kiss.

Billy Hargrove had kissed him. Steve had kissed him back.

Steve wanted to do it again.

He'd spent the night soul-searching before deciding that, like a lot of things in life, he shouldn't think that hard about it. Steve had learned a long time ago that things like attraction and sex didn't always make sense and trying to make sense out of them only made a guy's head hurt.

For about a week after, Steve hadn't seen Billy. He'd known that Billy was around, heard people at school talking about him, doing this or that, but actually physically seeing him was a bust. After so long of having Billy Hargrove constantly in his face or at least prowling around the edge of his vision, it had been disconcerting, like there was a hole that had opened up in Steve's life and wasn't that just a kicker.

Steve had found himself missing Billy Hargrove. The weird shit-o-meter of Steve's life had added another tick on its scale when he had realized that little gem.

Then Billy had ended up pulling Steve under the bleachers and kissing him again out of the blue, all hard lips and unmovable arms and Steve had figured that it wasn't that weird, all things considered. Billy Hargrove was a good kisser. Anyone would miss him if they knew the things he could do with his mouth.

This time hadn't come with a death threat or a sudden exit, either. It had ended with Billy looking at Steve like he was trying to find an answer in Steve's eyes and a question if Billy could pick Steve up at

8. What the hell, Steve had thought, and nodded. "Sure," he'd said.

Worse came to worse, Steve figured that he could handle Billy. He would just have to fight dirty was all. He was thinking, though, that it wouldn't come to that.

Steve had gotten his first blowjob from a guy that night, leaning back in the Camaro, his legs hanging out the door while Billy kneeled between them and went at Steve's cock with the enthusiasm of a man who loves his work. Billy had smirked up at him as he'd licked and sucked and teased and Steve had been in literal tears by the end from how good it had all felt.

Billy finds God on Steve's dick, but Steve finds Him in Billy's mouth.

Billy had sucked Steve dry, then licked his lips like he wanted more. Steve's brain had short-circuited, coming back online when Billy had climbed on top of him and shoved Steve's hand into the jeans that were just barely hanging on to Billy's hips.

It had felt exactly like his own and yet completely different, familiar but foreign. Attached to Billy and divorced of the feeling, Steve could only stare at Billy's face to see how his touch was being received. Billy's mouth had dropped open and he'd gripped the back of the seat as he'd ground himself against Steve's fingers.

Billy had made a mess out of both of them that night, creaming his jeans and Steve's hand, but neither of them had minded. Billy had dropped Steve off back at home and that had been the start of it all.

The next night, they had met again, and again, and again. Each time, daring a little more. Steve had given his first blowjob, all spit and accidental teeth and while Billy had teased him all the way through it, his hands had been gentle, his voice soft. It's not hard to feel appreciative when your dick's getting sucked.

Then, on a Friday, Steve's parents had gone on a date night, heading to the movies, and Steve had pled homework. He'd met Billy the same place as always, but this time, he'd brought him back home, laid him out on the bed, and practiced all the skills that Billy had been teaching him.

Billy had spread his legs and let Steve do whatever he liked. They'd both had a revelation that night. Steve had resolved to do it again, to have Billy hot and tight around him, arching up into him and making all those noises that made Steve shiver.

Two weeks later and Steve had coaxed Billy back into his bed, not that it had taken much once he'd confessed that his parents were out for the night and it was just them. Billy had looked at him with all the heat of the sun and licked his lips. "See you tonight," he'd said with a wink, then slipped away to take Max home.

A few hours later had led to now, their clothes scattered across the house, both too impatient to wait. Steve had been nearly giddy with the idea of getting his hands on Billy's naked body, and Billy hadn't been much better, practically throwing both of them on the bed. Kneeling over Steve, he had grinned and looked like one of those gods they'd talked about in English. Steve had quickly rolled them and it was a testament to how much Billy wanted it, because he hadn't fought the change in positions, just wiggled against the sheets and reached for Steve's dick with a sure hand.

"Fucking Christ," Billy snarls and squeezes his legs around Steve, his thighs nearly snapping Steve in two.

"Fuck," Steve replies and lets himself drop on top of Billy, his hands curling underneath of him, his face burying in Billy's neck. Billy gasps as Steve's teeth worry at the vulnerable skin of his neck and Steve's digging for the strength to last. He fumbles between them for Billy's cock, stroking it in time with his thrusts.

Billy arches upward as he comes, powerful body shoving up into Steve, and his cock spurts in Steve's hand, splattering between them. It's enough to make Steve finally let go of the tenuous hold he had on his own self-control and come as well, pulsing into Billy's tight heat.

Spent, they lay together for a moment, simply breathing, before Billy finally stretches with a satisfied sigh. "Fuck, yes," he says. His hand thumps on the stand beside Steve's bed, then the tangled sheets before he sits up, dislodging Steve. Steve rolls to the side.

"Where are you going?" Steve asks. He doesn't feel like moving for

the rest of his life and Billy had been warm against him. Billy smacks Steve's hip. "Ow," Steve deadpans.

"Find me my cigarettes."

"What?" They're most likely by the front door, still in Billy's coat pocket.

"Get up."

"Lay down," Steve counters. He closes his eyes. "They're a bad habit anyway."

"Shut up," Billy mutters, his words lacking heat despite their content. "Come on, go get them for me." He shakes Steve's shoulder and Steve cracks an eye open to look at him. "If I get up, I'm going to start leaking your come."

A knife twists in Steve's groin and he squirms to ease the ache. Cripes. Just the mention of what they had done is enough to twist him into knots. His reaction doesn't escape Billy—he knows a weakness when he sees it. "Steve," he says, pitching his voice low. "Stevie." He drapes himself over Steve, covering him like a blanket, and runs his fingers gently over Steve's face. "You fucked me so good, I can't walk."

Steve snorts. "Liar." Doesn't mean that Steve doesn't like the sound of it, though. Damn right. He'd put in some work.

"No, it's true. Having your big cock in me... You're like a beast, Harrington. You can't expect me to move after that, can you?"

"So don't." Steve studies Billy's face, taking in the charming smile Billy pulls out when he wants something, and feels his heart give a little squeeze.

Billy's grin widens; he knows that Steve's on the line, even if he hasn't been reeled in quite yet. "Babe. I need a cigarette after a fuck that good." His eyes narrow. "If I had a smoke, I might want a repeat performance."

Steve cracks. "Alright. Alright!" He shoves Billy off and rolls himself

to his feet. His body protests the movement but he forces it into line. "I'm going."

Billy lays on his back on the bed and spreads his legs. "Thanks, Babe," he says and winks. Steve forces himself to turn away because otherwise, he's going to take Billy up on that inviting pose and slip right back between his legs to go another round.

One of their socks is on the end of the bed, another just a foot away on the floor. "What a fucking mess," Steve grumbles and bends to pick up the sock.

Billy whistles and Steve flips him off on the way out the door. "Anytime," Billy calls after him. Yeah, Steve's going to be fucking Billy again soon. That's a promise.

He finds their underwear in the hallway and their pants on the stairs. Billy's coat is piled three feet from the door as they'd at least waited until the door was closed behind Billy before doing anything. Steve picks it up and rifles through the pockets to find a pack and a lighter.

Billy's right where Steve left him, not having bothered to move an inch, when Steve returns and tosses him the cigarettes. Billy snatches them out of the air and taps one out, putting it between his lips. "You get the lighter?" he asks. An eyebrow raises as he turns his attention back to Steve.

Steve moves to the bed and kneels overtop of Billy. He pulls the cigarette out of Billy's mouth and ignores the protest to steal a kiss. Billy's words die on his lips, his eyes sliding closed again. After he's taken his fill, Steve pulls away and looks down at the work of art that is Billy's face.

It should be strange, to be here in this moment, but it's not. This is right where Steve wants to be.

"What?" Billy asks, his lips cracking into another smile.

"Nothing." Steve slips the cigarette back between Billy's lips and flicks the lighter. Up is down and down is up because Steve wants nothing more than to fall back in bed with Billy Hargrove, a tough-

talking jackass who'd once tried to beat his face in. Looking at Billy reclining on the bed, though, golden curls a halo around his head and just a hint of bruising on his cheek, it's hard to think of anything besides how beautiful he is in this moment. In a few short hours, this will be only a memory, Billy slinking back home to a house that he hates and Steve's parents coming home, but right now, Steve's pretending that it's forever.

"What are you smiling at?" Billy asks.

Steve shakes his head as his smile grows. "Just happy."

"Just happy, huh?" Billy takes another drag on his cigarette and shrugs. "Yeah, me too. I guess."

Steve folds his hands on Billy's chest and rests his chin on them, his body stretching out on top of Billy's. "You guess?" he teases.

"Shut up," Billy shoots back and lets Steve use him as a pillow. It's as good a declaration as any. "You up for round two?" Billy asks and Steve nods.

"Oh, yeah."

"Good." Billy smashes the cigarette into the ashtray that Steve bought just for him and rolls so that he's on top. "'Cause I think I'd like a ride."

Steve is A-okay with that.